Our navy is address'd[2], our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. HEN. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. HUMPH. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord,
at Windsor.

K. HEN. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

P. HUMPH. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

CLA. What would my lord and father?

K. HEN. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas:
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethen:—
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

[2] Our navy is ADDRESS'D, i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So, in King Henry V.:
"To-morrow for our march are we *addressed*." STEEVENS.